

Love on the Battlefield

by M-iikado

Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Jack Frost

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-02-21 23:02:44

Updated: 2014-02-21 23:02:44

Packaged: 2016-04-26 17:51:58

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,277

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Jack had planned on confessing to his best friend, eventually. He just had never found the right time. But, lying on his deathbed, right now was as good as any. Well... Kinda. [Hijack Oneshot]

Love on the Battlefield

Hi! M-iikado here! I hope you'll enjoy this random little piece of crap... I mean writing!

Disclaimer: I own nothing but the plot and a very over-active imagination.

Warning: rated for the language

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><p>That was it. His time had come.<p>

Lying on the floor, Jack saw red filling his vision. He wasn't going to make it.

A buzzing sound in his ear caught his attention. There was a voice, faraway, calling from him.

" ... ck... ack... Jack!"

The familiar voice managed to pull him lightly out of the dark abysses he was drifting into, but the pain in his chest was too intense to answer.

"Jack" the voice called again "Jack, buddy, where are you? Jack _answer me_!"

Jack let out a cough, desperately trying to speak. Blood was filling

his vision, and he could almost feel its bitter taste on his tongue.

"Hiccup..." He breathed out in answer.

He heard the relived sigh for his best friend, crackling in his radio ear-piece.

"Jack are you okay? I'm coming to get you!"

"Hiccup" Jack coughed "It's too late, I'm not going to make it."

"Shut it" the other answered, his voice harsh "You're going to tell me where you are. I'm coming for you. You'll be okay."

"There's no time"

"I'm not letting you _die_, Jack!"

Jack could hear the desperation in Hiccup's voice. He didn't want the boy to worry. He wanted to tell him it was alright. But he couldn't.

Because it wouldn't.

As much as he wanted to spare Hiccupâ€"his best friendâ€"any pain, he couldn't. This was war. War was not a place to let your feelings take over. He had to be strong.

The boy called him again, repeating that everything was fine. His voice echoed between the deafness of gunshots and exploding bombs.

Orders were shouted to soldiers, commanding them to evacuate civilians and take the enemies' base, but Hiccup ignored them. His was going to get Jack. He would save him, and they'd both make it out of this hellhole. That was the plan, the promise they made right from the start. Hiccup was a soldier, and soldiers left no man behind.

"Hiccup it's too dangerous" Jack pleaded, his voice low and uneven "They're everywhere, if you come here you'll die with me"

"Don't give me that crap!" The brunet shouted "I'm coming to get you and you're going to make it!"

Hiccup was out of breath. Running fast enough to get to Jack on time turned out to be harder than he had planned, and the heavy military gear on his back wasn't making it any easier. He heard Jack cough again.

"Jack don't you dare die on me!" He yelled "If you die I'll fucking kill you!"

Jack laughed weakly. Every chuckle shook his bleeding body and shot waves of pain through his spine.

"Hiccup it's too late" he whispered, his vision getting blurrier and bloodier by the second "I'm done for..."

Hiccup let out an inaudible cry, but Jack knew his time had come. When you've fought for as long as he had, Death was an old friend. He could easily see Hiccup wouldn't make it on time. And, to be honest, it was probably for the best. He had seen too much, lived too long.

Now was a good time to go.

It was an ideal situation, really. His body was numb, the pain was hardly there anymore. The sound of explosions, the screams, the gunshots... Everything had died out, and Jack could only hear the voice of his best friend, calling him over and over again.

Yes. This was all he could ask for.

"Hiccup..." He painfully breathed out "If how's my last chance to say it... Then... I've always loved you..."

Jack froze. Everything went dark, and the words "You Lose" slowly crept on the screen in front of him.

His muscles were aching and numb, but his hands wouldn't let go of the controller.

Oh shit he thought.

Jack had always been a master in the art of death faking. The countless hours spent playing online with Hiccup had been enough practice for him to become unbelievably convincing at it. Too convincing, sometimes, but he had always kept it under control.

Except this once. Just this time, he had gotten too much into character, and he had made a terrible mistake.

Shit! he thought again.

The breathed slowly, in and out, trying to calm the panic rising inside of him.

Everything was silent. He couldn't hear anything coming from the headset he and Hiccup used to communicate during the games. No voice, no gunshots in the background, nothing to indicate if the boy was still there.

It's okay, Jack thought, _Maybe he got shot and didn't hear me. Maybe he got disconnected. Maybe it's all fine, just don't freak out, Jack!_

"Hic..." He asked slowly

"Hm." The other answered

"Hic... Did you pause the game?"

"Hm."

So he heard it.

"Fuck..."

"Jack what was that?"

Hiccup's voice was slow, articulate and meticulous in his choice of words.

"Nothing!" Jack lied.

"Jack _what _was that?" He insisted, a little harsher.

"I-Iâ€" " Jack tried to speak "I don't know, I'm sorry!"

"Jack, _what the hell_?"

"Hiccup!" Jack pleaded, panic rising "Can we _please_ pretend that you didn't hear that?"

"What? No!" Hiccup screamed "You can't drop a bomb like that and expect me to just ignore it, Jack!"

They both stayed silent for a while, Jack biting his fingers raw.

He was screwed. Everything was ruined. He never meant to say it out loud.

But, of course, he meant _it_. He was head over heels in love with Hiccup, he had always been. But he never expected anything out of it, and therefore had tried to keep his feelings silent. But those vicious little rats had come crawling back out at the worst time possible.

"Jack for fuck's sake _say something_!"

"Please" the boy whispered "Hiccup, I don't want to talk about it..."

"I don't care! This is big, we're talking about it!"

"Iâ€" " Jack stuttered "Can't weâ€" Can we please pass this off as a joke?"

"Jacâ€" "

"Hiccup I'm _begging you_!"

"Okay" the brunet finally agreed with a sigh "I'll drop the subject, pretend this is a joke..."

"Thank yâ€" "

"_But_" Hiccup cut him off "Only if you tell me that this was, in fact, nothing but a joke"

"Iâ€" " Jack muttered, his voice trailing off and an awkward silence took place.

"_Was this_ a joke, Jack?" The other insisted.

Jack felt his throat clutch tight. It was so easy. He just had to say

yes, and laugh it off. So why was this so _hard_?

"No..." He admitted. "It wasn't a joke. I really do like you..."

The boy braced for whatever was coming next. Screaming, insults, disgust and, undoubtably, the end of their friendship.

He flinched when he heard his (soon to be ex-) friend sigh in what seemed like... Relief?

"Good" Hiccup said "Because I like you too, you moron"

* * *

><p>AN: ah gee I'm so sorry the ending was terrible! Please don't hate me!

Actually, this story was more of a joke than anything else... I just wanted to write the death-faking-and-accidentally-confessing part (Jack you dumbass), and I didn't want the rest too be too long, so I had to improvise a quick ending.

I got the idea while playing a co-op game of Battlefield 4 with my brother... This was a terrible idea... I should _never _let video games inspire me!

I'm so sorry about that, I really am. I hope you enjoyed it at least a little... Sorry... *crawls into a pit*

End
file.